

Angel on my Shoulder

On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear
Her thorns wrap gently round my heart
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

On days when gloom grows drear
From recesses of the mind she darts
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear

I travel in a life I cannot steer
The balm of love can taste tart
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

Intimacy flees me, a skittish deer
I try to express those feelings with my art
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear

Thus, intensity of spirit I do endeavor to rear
Looking inward to where she grasps my heart
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear

Perhaps, I am no more than a clockwork gear
Spinning towards a happiness that may not start
On my shoulder, a dark angel calls me dear
As sweet poisons are whispered into my ear